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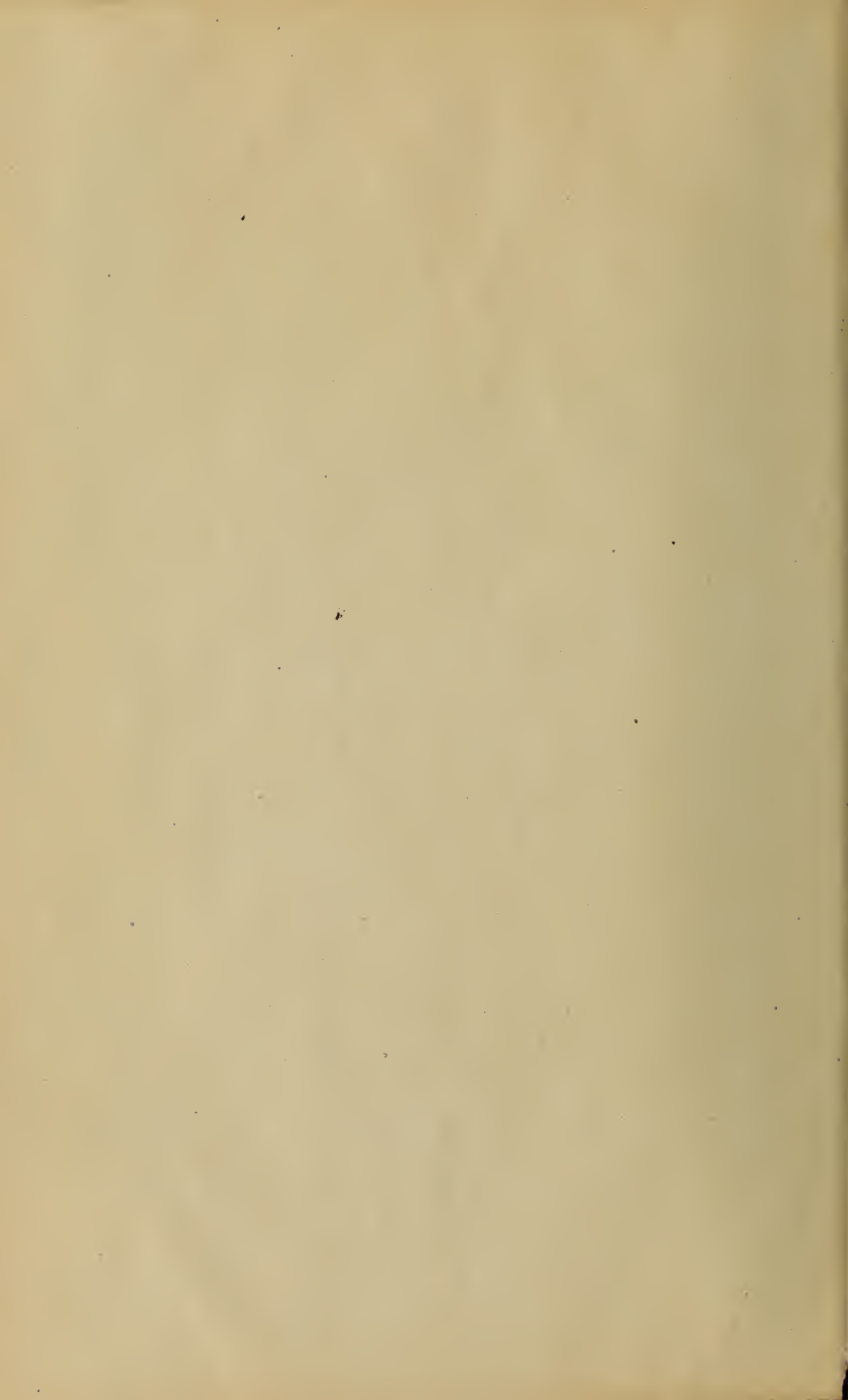
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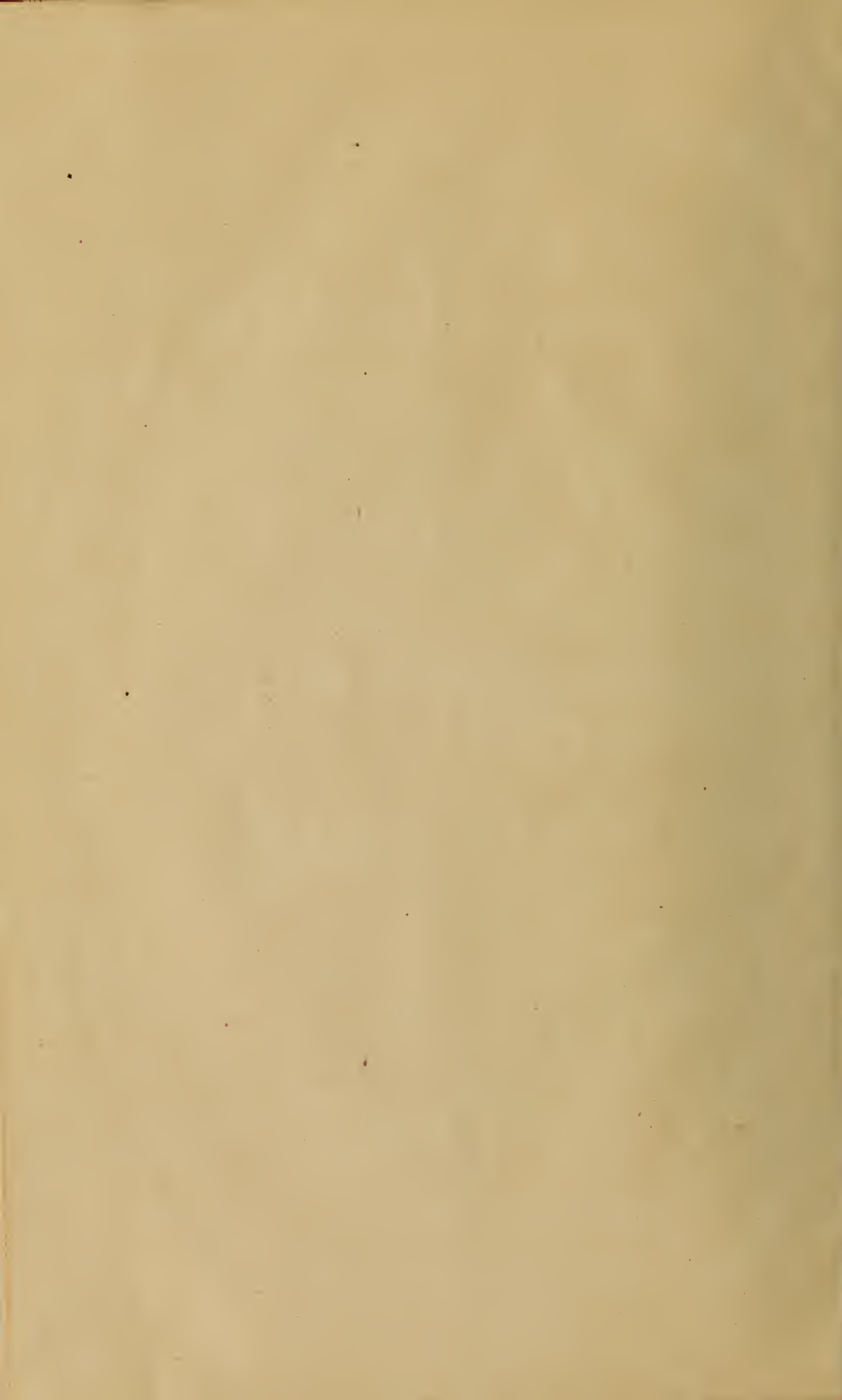
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1986

THE
GRAND REVIEW

OF THE
DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION OF THE

Decorating of the Soldier's Graves, May 30th, 1869,

By G. NAPHEGYI, M.D., A.M.;

Author of the "Album of Language," "History of Hungary," "Among the Arabs,"
"The Cause of the Yellow Fever," Etc., Etc.



NEW YORK :
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1869.

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THE
Grand Review of the Dead.

THE full-orbed moon, serenely bright,
Was shedding floods of mellow light :
While glittering in the firmament
The countless stars their lustre lent :
The sky a beauteous curtain spread
For the great bivouac of the dead.

A message speeds from grave to grave—
“Awake ! Arise ! ye buried brave !
To-morrow is a sacred day—
The cherished Thirtieth of May ;
And 'neath Virginia's famous tree
A memorable review will be,
Where two loved heroes met and swore
To live in peace and fight no more.”

THE Orderly at the tomb now reads
 The names renowned for glorious deeds,
 And summons all both low and high,
 In distant graves or buried nigh,
 To march and form the grand parade
 Where once they battled undismayed.

THIS now the solemn midnight hour—
 All nature breathes a tranquil power ;
 Deep stillness reigns—and all around,
 Or far or near, no voice or sound
 Disturbs the preparation made
 For the ghostly, grand parade.

THE time arrives—the appointed time ;
 The bells send forth a wierd-like chime ;
 A muffled drum is heard afar ;
 The dreary tombs are now ajar ;
 The bugle sounds o'er vale and hill,
 Sending forth a magic thrill
 Through the bones of all who sleep
 In their graves so cold and deep.

THE earth is now convulsed and shaken ;
 The phantom soldiers now awaken ;
 At the trumpet's startling sound
 The clay is loosed that held them bound,
 Whilst their fleshless bones they shake,
 Fearful is the sound they make ;
 Now they hasten, swiftly all,
 To obey their chieftain's call.

TERRIBLE beyond surmising
 Is this wonderful uprising :
 Sad and wild the dire commotion,
 Like the hurrying waves of ocean ;
 Some whose names no one could tell—
 Rudely left where'er they fell :
 No one to whisper loving tones—
 None to sepulture their bones.

HERE an arm and there a head
 With a stranger-corpse was laid :
 Here a leg and there a heart
 From its own trunk torn apart :
 Here two heads together lay
 With a trunk half sunk in clay,
 As though looking, but in vain,
 Their proper bodies to regain.

THE hour now is far advancing :—
 On they hasten, leaping, dancing ;
 While from their dry bones there gleams
 A sea of phosphorescent beams.
 That vacant socket of the eye
 Where the vision once did lie--
 Fierce in battle's wildest storm
 Shelters now a loathsome worm.

AND in lieu of voiceless tongue
 A hideous serpent, thin and long,
 In the chest a home has found,
 Hissing there its horrid sound ;
 Through the hollow cheek now peeping—
 Through the brainless skull now creeping—
 Gliding through the broken teeth—
 More repulsive making death.

By the moon's fast waning light,
 That phantom crowd—a fearful sight—
 Still hasten at the drum's sad beating,
 And as they march, fresh comrades meeting,
 Arrive, at last a formidable band,
 On yonder plain and take their stand.

IN the centre of the field
 Hangs high aloft Columbia's shield,
 Draped, like her flag, in deepest woe
 For all her gallant sons laid low ;
 While she, bowed down with heartfelt sadness,
 Weeps tears almost akin to madness.

THE trumpet sounds, the drum is beat,
 While all along this spectral street
 The skeletons parade in state,
 And eagerly their chief await.
 He comes—and raised above the throng
 His clarion voice is borne along
 Commanding now the grand review
 Before the early dawn is due.

FRIEND and foe stand side by side,
 While rapidly still swells the tide
 Of phantoms to this midnight throng—
 And now is heard their battle song :

“**C**OLUMBIA’S sons, the free and brave
 For Liberty their heart’s blood gave :
 Yielded up their all of life
 In the dark and bloody strife—
 While at each returning year
 They bring the tribute of a tear
 From phantom eyes that still can weep
 Their comrades’ sad, unending sleep.”

AND when the song is at an end
 The skeletons in reverence bend
 Before the banner of the brave
 That led to glory or the grave.
 The morning star at last appears,
 And from the phantom band three cheers
 Resound along the echoing land
 As North and South join hand in hand.

DARK ! from afar the martial sound
 Proclaims that some are not yet found—
 That some who fell ’mid war’s dread noise
 Have not yet heard the captain’s voice :
 But lo ! as whirlwind through the trees,
 Or storm-tossed waves of angry seas,
 Still other thousands hither come,
 Darkening old ocean’s foam.

THROWN on waves of bluish fire,
 In his gala day attire,
 Rides old Neptune, leading on
 This numerous and mighty throng :
 “Here I come, and from the deep
 Have I rescued those who sleep ;
 I bring them all, a merry band
 To join their comrades of the land.”

FROM the ocean's watery grave
 I have summoned all the brave—
 Called them from their hidden caves
 Washed by limpid, cooling waves.
 They had beds of glittering sand
 Softer than those made on land:
 Purest pearls and coral red
 Decked each hero's nuptial bed."

THE deep-sea tribes intruded not
 Into the charming, hallowed spot
 Where lay their bones as wondrous white
 As the moonbeam's silvery light:
 And o'er their heads the sad sea's surge
 I caused to sing a ceaseless dirge."

Now they land, these tars of yore,
 Following Neptune to the shore:—
 Gliding, rolling, like the waves
 That for years have washed their graves,
 They greet their brethren of the land,
 Shaking cordially each hand,
 Asking questions, one another,
 Meeting father, son or brother.

OBEDIENT to their chief's command,
 The tars now take their proper stand,
 And as their ensigns they unfold
 They greet them with a love untold,
 For streaming from the towering mast
 They saw each seaman breathe his last.

LIFE and drum once more are sounding ;
 Forward all the tars are bounding ;
 Armed with cutlass, pike, grenade,
 Accoutred for the grand parade,
 They form their line, and cheering loud,
 Sweep onward like a threat'ning cloud.

No wilder prank e'er yet had birth
 Than this death-march upon the earth .
 All animated nature quakes
 With terror at the noise it makes,
 As onward with a heavy tramp
 They hasten to the midnight camp--
 Some with rattling gun and lance
 Trophies for the soldier's dance ;
 Some with bullets through their bones--
 Others crushed by heavy stones.

THE war-horse scents the dance of death
 And gallops on with steaming breath,
 Outstripping all in the wild race
 To fill his own appointed place ;
 For when the battle-field was rife
 With shrieks and groans and deadly strife,
 He by the cannon firmly stood
 Till ebb'd away his gallant blood.

THE cavalry from far and wide,
 Like lightning speed upon their ride :
 With clanging sword and rattling shield
 They now draw near the muster-field.
 The dust obscures them as a cloud,
 But from each throat, wild, clear and loud,
 Bursts forth, of their approach to tell,
 The ne'er-to-be forgotten yell.

THE great guerilla leads in front
 As when he bore the battle's brunt—
 With martial mien as when in life
 He led his men to deadly strife,
 And now resounds his clarion voice
 Above the deaf'ning din and noise :
 "Close up, close up, my men, the rear,
 And let us charge in full career !"

THE deep-mouthed cannon now appear,
 And mortars huge bring up the rear ;
 Their thunder-tones and sulphurous breath
 Add horror to the dance of death.

NOW stand the myriads, rank and file—
 Upon each face a ghastly smile :
 In dread array compact they stand
 And listen for their chief's command
 To pass the men in grand review
 Who fought Columbia's battles through.

BUT hark ! they hear another sound ;
 A herald speeds along the ground—
 A strange flag flutters in his hand
 Belonging to a foreign land—
 And riding swiftly to the chief
 Delivers thus his message brief :

"FROM distant lands I hither come
 Where Freedom hath her pleasing home.
 The deeds of all your soldiers brave
 Have drawn our heroes from the grave ;
 And now they ask consent to be
 Spectators at death's grand levee,"

To this replied our honored chief
 In cordial tones and accents brief:—
 “Thrice welcome shall your brave ones be
 Who hither come from o’er the sea;
 A place of honor they shall have
 Till they return to fill the grave.”

WHILE thus he speaks, Helena’s rock
 Is rent by some resistless shock;
 From off the prisoner are cast
 The British chains that held him fast.
 He quickly buckles on his sword,
 And for his only son, adored,
 A message sends to “Shönbrun’s” cell
 Where the Duke of “Reichstadt” fell

“**H**ASTE, haste, my son, to Freedom’s land—
 A greeting from a friendly hand
 Awaits us, and a glorious sight
 Upon this memorable night—
 For there the dead in battle slain
 Will meet on Appomattox plain.”

HE gives rein to his fiery steed,
 And galloping with lightning speed,
 He sees before him in full view
 His victor-foe of Waterloo,
 And with him Blucher, Prussia’s pride,
 Who joined with glee this phantom ride.

WLD Wellington his steed reins in
 And welcomes with a ghostly grin
 The greatest captain of his age—
 One who had filled bright glory's page,
 But who, as history doth tell,
 For France and through ambition fell.

NAPOLEON then his hand extends
 As if the three were bosom friends —
 For when to Pluto's realm they go
 The dead know neither friend or foe.
 Forgotten now is all the strife,
 Their mortal enmity in life,
 And the brave trio hasten on
 Followed by Napoleon's son.

ON Europe's hard-fought battle fields,
 Once thickly strewn with battered shields,
 The phantoms like swift meteors pass
 Through waving grain and fragrant grass;
 They look in vain for sign of yore,
 For all is green where once was gore.

NAPOLEON now commands the brave
 To rise and follow from the grave.
 At once French, Germans, English, all
 Spring up responsive to his call;
 With dance and jest and martial song
 The countless columns march along
 To where the waves of ocean roar,
 The highway to Columbia's shore.

THEY throw a cable o'er the tide,
 And cross the bridge with rapid stride;
 An instant, and the throng is here,
 Welcomed with a hearty cheer
 By Liberty's uprisen brave
 Who fought that Freedom they might save.

BUT these were far from being all
 Who answered to the general call:
 The prophet worshipped as divine,
 Mahomet—he of Mecca's shrine—
 And by request the Sultan came,
 Saladin, as he's known to fame.
 Together they the Red Sea crossed,
 And on its waves were sorely tossed.
 But both determined were to be
 At Death's magnificent levee.

"ACHMAD, Allah wah barraha,"
 Was the greeting from Mahoma ;
 While the crescent floating high,
 Believers flock from far and nigh ;
 The janizaries without number,
 Startled from their heavy slumber,
 Form an army strong and grand
 And leave behind the Moslem land.

THE echo of this great parade
 To Alpine heights its way had made,
 And from the peaks of Switzerland
 There sallied forth a gallant band :
 By William Tell they were led on,
 Helvetia's noblest, bravest son,
 Who, from Gessler's chains to free,
 Liberty's Messiah was to be.

WHAT strange contrasts met the sight
 Upon this great, eventful night !
 Men of every warlike nation
 Men of every clime and station
 Turk and Teuton, Celt and Gaul,
 Magyars, Romans, Grecians, all
 Hastening with quick-coming breath
 To attend the dance of death.

POPE and priest and bishop meet
 And one another kindly greet :
 Luther, too, of lion heart
 In the journey takes a part ;
 While Huss, with Calvin by his side,
 Joins in the phantom, midnight ride ;
 Nor last, nor least great Humboldt came,
 Whose Cosmos won undying fame.

AT length the ocean shore they reach,
 And strongly anchored near the beach
 A monstrous iron structure rides,
 By wind and steam to cleave the tides.
 Watts has made the furnace glow—
 Cortez guides the vessel's prow—
 Whilst Columbus, chart in hand,
 Points to his discovered land.

FRANKLIN bids the lightning play,
 Illumining them upon their way.
 Now the hissing waves recede ;
 Now she flies with meteor speed,
 And faster yet that phantom ship
 Shall glide upon her ghostly trip—
 And long before the dawn is due
 Shall land her passengers and crew.

AMONGST these, were names unmentioned yet
 Brave Bolivar and Lafayette :
 Attila, once the scourge of Rome,
 And Cumans from his Magyar home :
 Czar Peter, from the Kremlin came
 With Catherine, Russia's pride and shame ;
 And from the Macedonian shore
 Philip and his son came o'er.

CÆSAR, from Rome's capitol,
 Came with Carthage's Hannibal ;
 Troy and Thermopylae replied,
 And sent their brave across the tide ;
 Priam, Leonidas, and kindred dead,
 Upon the midnight journey sped.

FOR warriors alone composed that throng,
 For speech, philosophy and song,
 Had representatives from Rome and Greece
 To teach, enlighten and to please,—
 Homer, Aristotle, Plato,
 Virgil, Cicero and Cato—
 With many others of like fame,
 But whom 'twere useless here to name.

AT length the harp of Erin spoke,
 When from their mouldy graves awoke
 Shakespeare, Byron, Burns and Moore,
 Who hastened to the ocean shore :
 Its sad tones reached the prison cell
 Of Schiller, singer of the " Bell ;"
 He rose and knocked with bony hand
 Upon the tombstone of Uhland ;
 Then both proceeded to awake
 Their brother Goëthe : Schiller spake—

“**C**OME, hasten! let’s not be too late,—
 The other singers all await;
 The warrior’s wish to hear us sing
 A song to make the welkin ring;
 We, too, are warriors, for we
 Gave all our strength for liberty;
 We, too, in Freedom’s battle fought
 For liberty of speech and thought.”

THE poets then proposed to call
 Some great musicians for the ball;
 Beethoven, Mozart and Bellini,
 Mendelssohn and sweet Rossini,
 Handel, too, and Meyerbeer,
 Were selected to appear.

BUT still the throng was not complete,
 For as they skip along they meet
 Painters and sculptors in high glee,
 At thought of death’s wild revelry—
 For they had come prepared to place,
 On canvass and in stone, each face
 And form and scene, for future sight,
 That might inspire them that great night.

ARTISTS they were: alas! no more
 Will such be seen as lived of yore!
 Raphael hung on Ruben’s arm,
 With that sweet face, so mild and warm;
 And Titian on Murillo hung,
 And spoke of art with fluent tongue:
 While Rembrandt gaily smiled and talked,
 And where his fancy pleased him walked.

NOT far behind Canova came
 And Angelo, all known to fame,
 For sculpture, these; for painting, those :
 And each unfading lustre throws
 On Rome, once mistress of the world
 But now from art and power hurled :—
 Artists they were, of whom 'tis true
 That “when they died their art died too.”

TO the Styx, as smooth as glass,
 The “rear guard” of the dead now pass,
 Where Charon, ever at his post
 Awaited the distinguished host.
 The ferryman soon plies his oar,
 And lands them on the hither shore.

THEY seek at once the sounding sea ;
 Æolus lets the chained winds free ;
 The sails no longer hug the mast,
 But swell out at the storm-king's blast ;
 And o'er the waves the phantoms go
 Swiftly as bolt from archer's bow.
 At length Columbia's shore they gain
 And hasten to Virginia's plain.

THUS all the guests that were invited
 At Appomattox stand united :
 And 'twas an awe-inspiring sight
 That met the startled gaze that night !
 A marshal having, with much grace,
 Assigned each guest his proper place,
 Silence reigned—all held their breath
 To hear the overture to Death.

MOZART, while crossing o'er the ocean,
 Inspired by a divine emotion,
 The grand and glorious piece did write
 For the concert o' that night,
 And taught it to the famous band
 Brought with him from his native land.
 The proper signal now is given,
 And quick as lightning flash from heaven
 Ten thousand sounds harmonious meet
 In one wild gush of music sweet.

So solemn now, and now so thrilling
 The notes that all the air are filling—
 At times so sad, at times so grand,
 The music of this wondrous band,
 That not till now on earth below
 Did such melodious sounds e'er flow :
 So rich, so pure, so deep, so clear,
 That tuneeful angels paused to hear,


THEIR bony fingers on the harp
 Draw tones now loud, now soft, now sharp,
 Or, wandering o'er the sweet guitar,
 Celestial music heard afar.
 Some with their ghostly breath do fill
 The deep-mouthed trump or clarion shrill,
 While some on brass and kettle-drums
 Keep sweet concordance with their thumbs.


THE audience at each proper pause
 Evince unqualified applause,
 And at its end one wild acclaim
 Ascends to Heaven as breath of flame.
 Henceforth the "Requiem" will cease
 To be deemed Mozart's master-piece ;
 Nor will the "March" of Meyerbeer
 With this grand overture compare—
 Nor shall we till the judgment day
 Hear such inspired musicians play.


THE concert o'er, and silence had,
 Blind Homer quotes his "Iliad ;"
 Next, on the air and loved so well
 Are heard the tones of Schiller's "Bell :"
 Then Byron from "Childe Harold" reads
 And Dante on his "Furies" leads ;
 While Klopstock, Milton, Moore and Burns,
 And many others, take their turns.

WHEN Luther touches the great "Book,"
 And gazing up with reverend look,
 Bestows a benediction brief,
 The signal that Columbia's chief
 The grand review will now begin.
 Straightway the trump with clamorous din
 Commands the warriors to fall in.

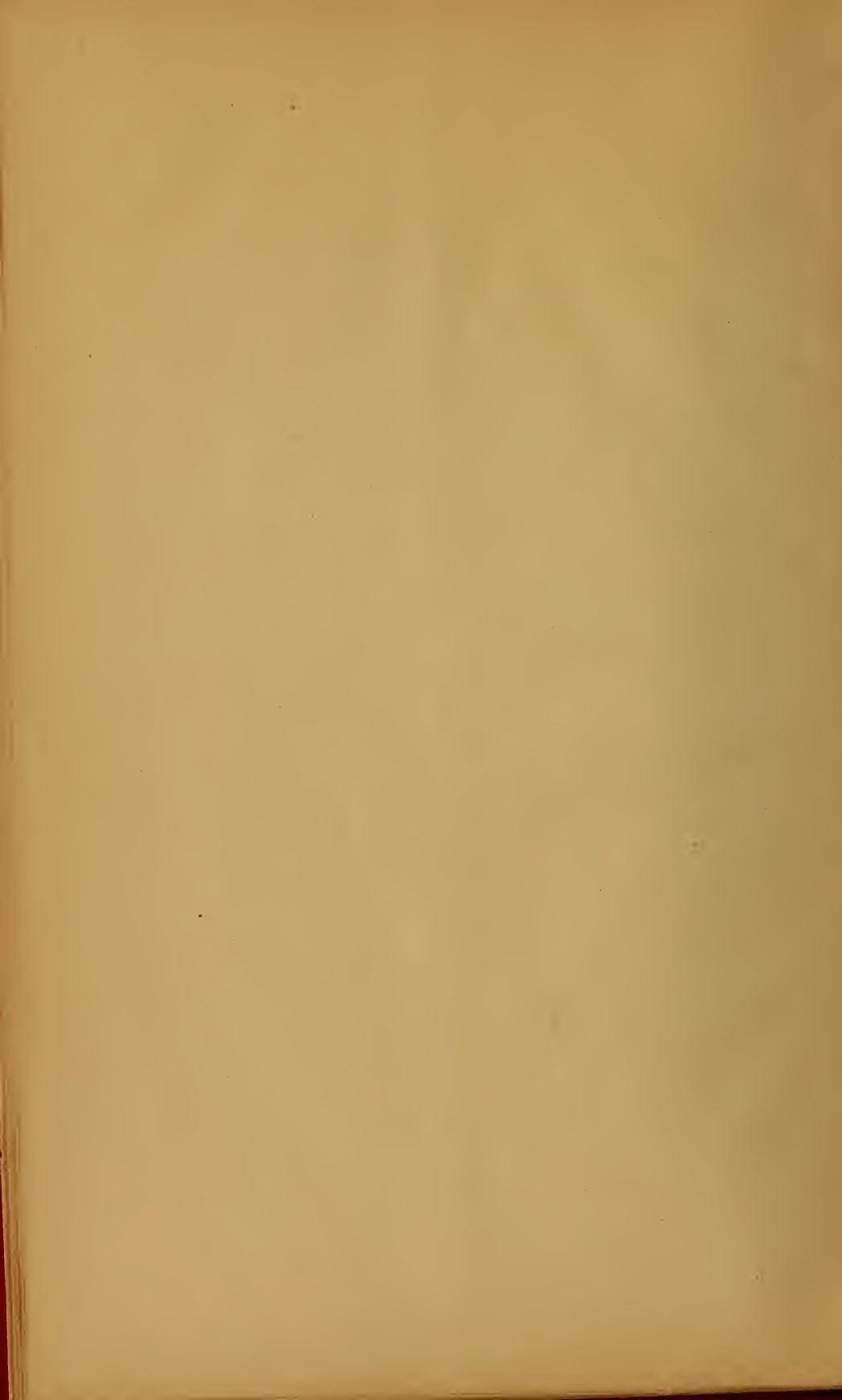
THEY form their ranks and march along,
 Shouting loud their favorite song—
 "Hail, Columbia, happy land !
 Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band !"
 Saluting as they see it wave
 The banner of the free and brave.

 HE ranks now halt, and arms present—
 For in their midst, from heaven sent,
 Appears Columbia's cherished son,
 The great, immortal Washington.
 On him each warrior's eyes are bent
 With looks of love and gaze intent ;
 Whilst he, moved with emotion strong,
 Surveys the innumerable throng,
 And then with sad and tearful eye,
 Addresses thus, the Deity :—

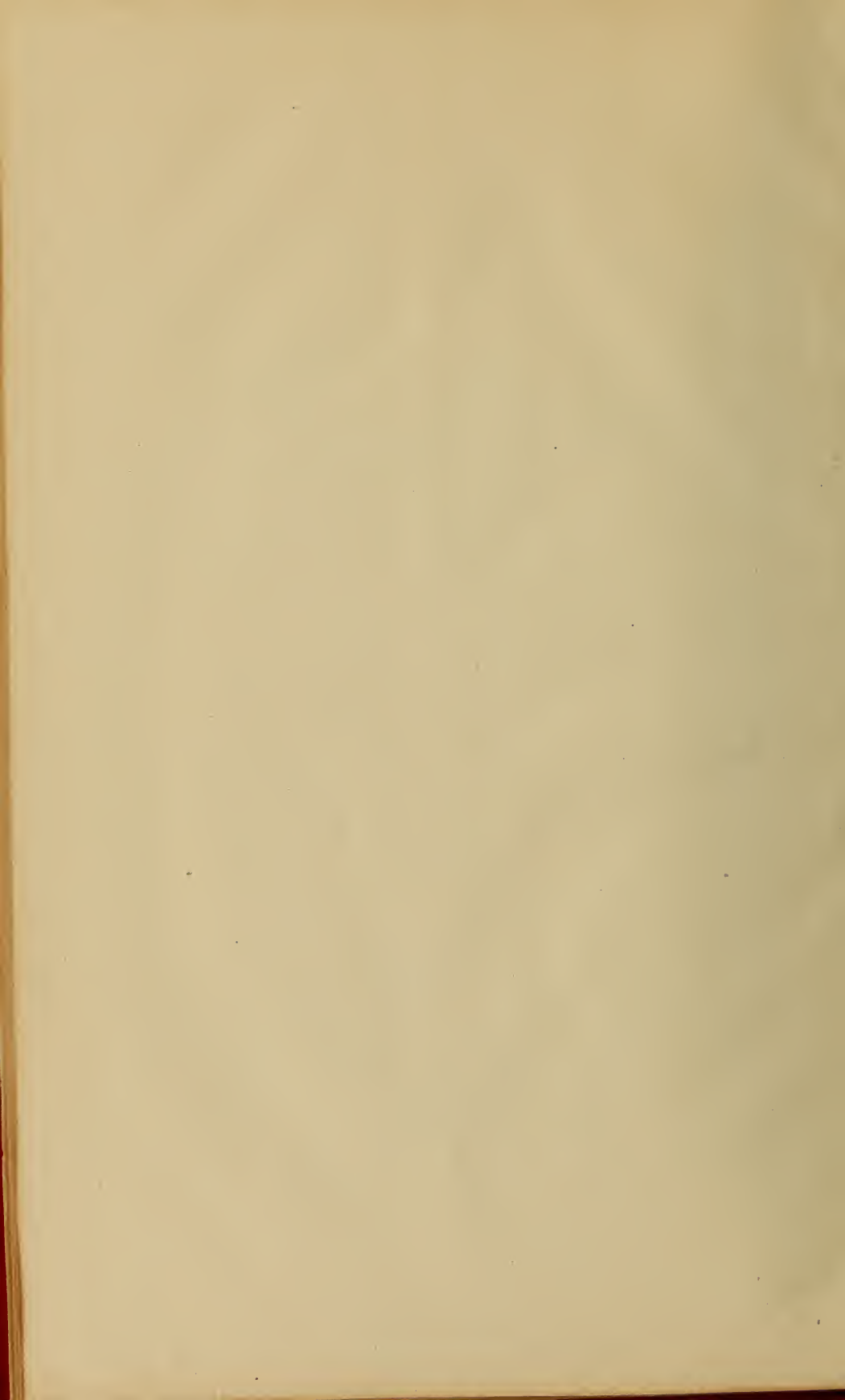
“  Heavenly Father ! pardon those,
 Our country's wicked, direful foes,
 Who caused the fratricidal strife,
 That sacrificed so much of life ;
 That desolation, ruin wrought,
 And suffering to each hearth-stone brought :
 Who tried for years with sword and brand
 To desolate our prosperous land.

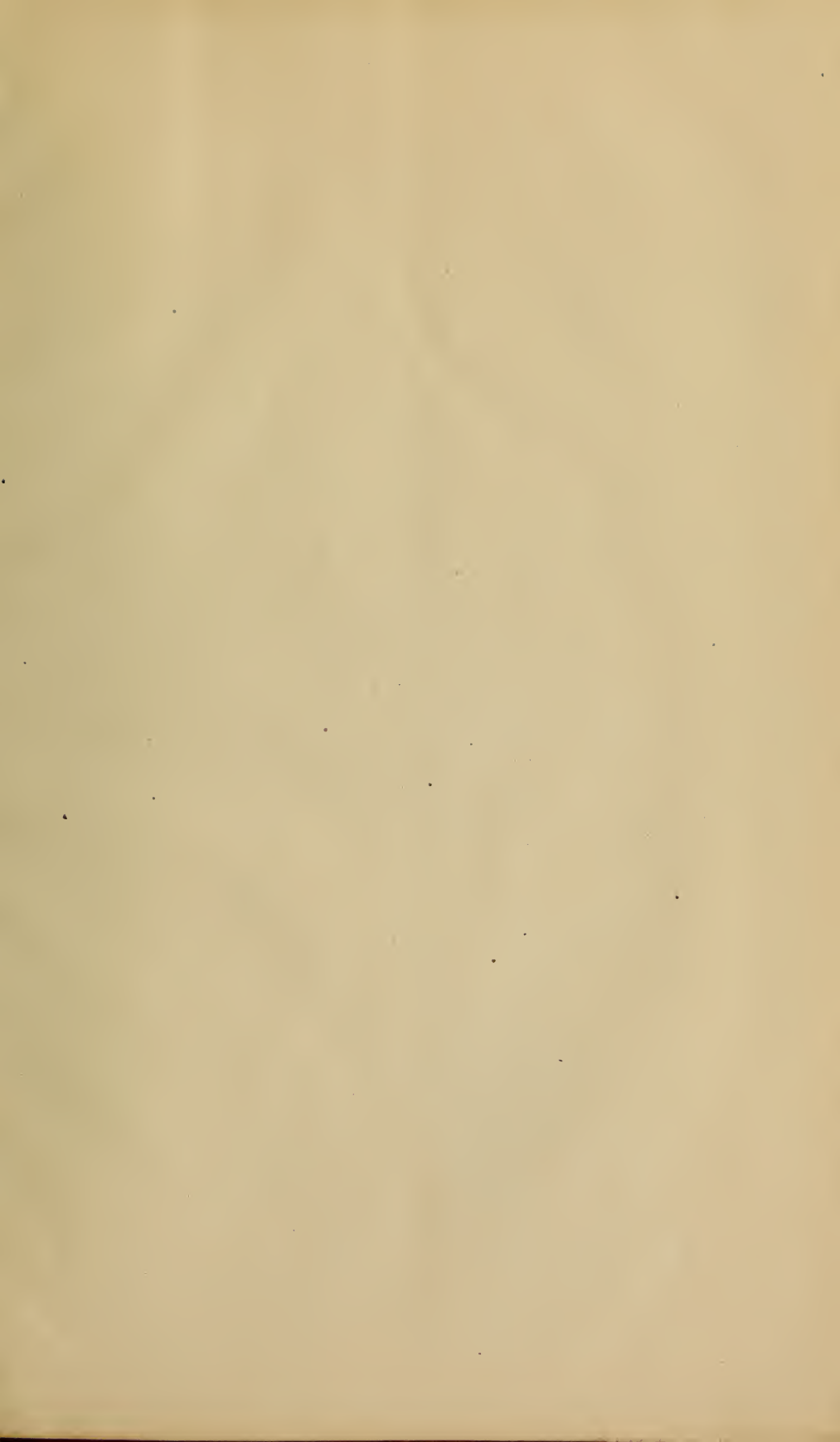
“  AND take beneath thy mighty arm,
 And shield, protect and keep from harm,
 The kindred of the gallant dead ;
 And all Thy richest blessings shed
 Wherever sickness, pain or grief
 Asks of thee comfort and relief.
 Unite our hearts, unite our hands
 In strong, indissoluble bands ;
 And may the past outlay of blood,
 Cement new ties of brotherhood.”

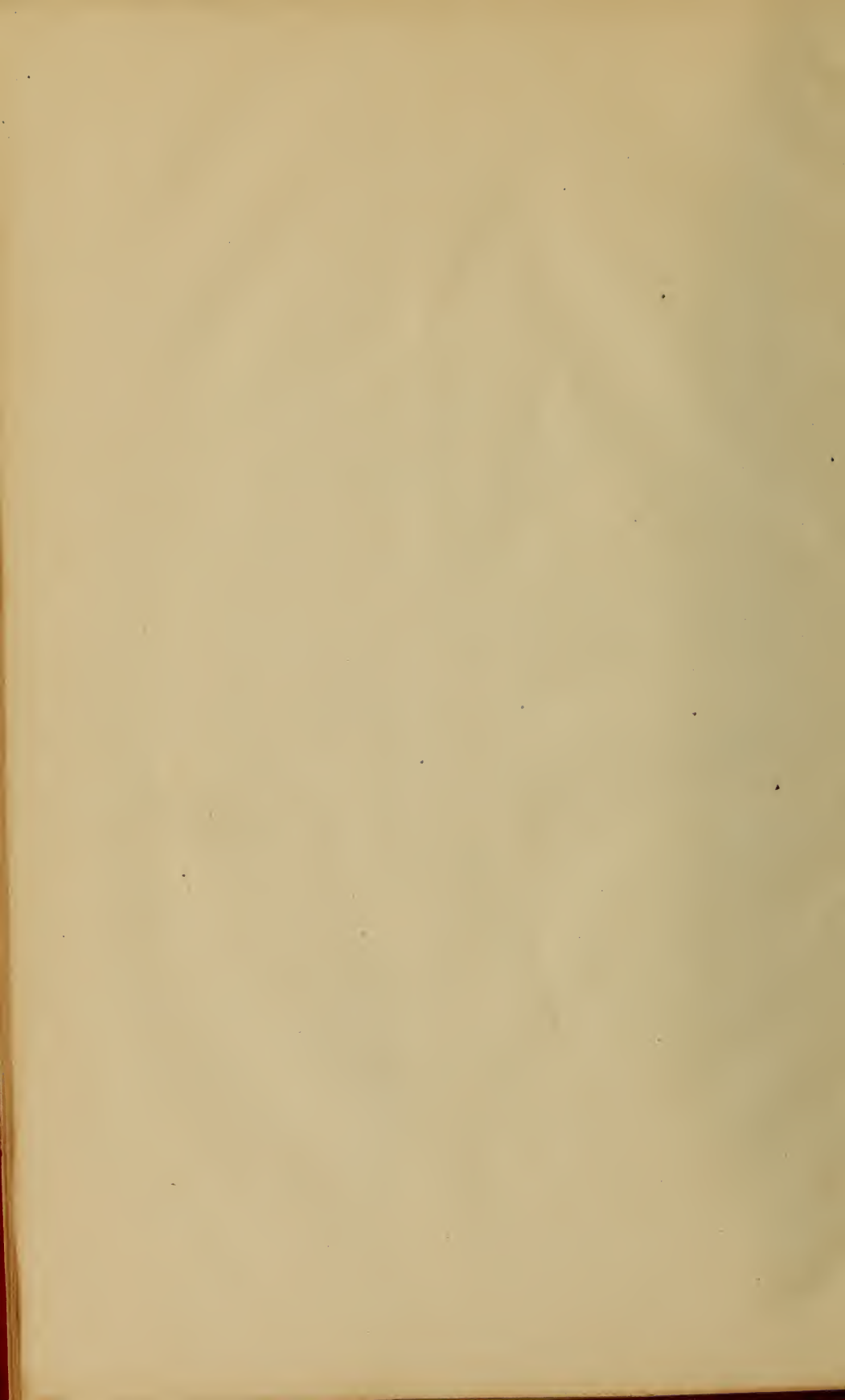
HE ceased and from the Eastern sky,
Burst forth a flood of richest dye
That 'round our honored chieftain threw,
A mantle of red, white and blue.
All eyes were dazzled by the sight ;
While, in this blaze of varied light,
By hands invisible led on,
Was borne to Heaven our Washington.
The graves then opened for the dead
And each resumed his narrow bed.

















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